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When she lives, the bright beam, my existence to bless,
On the far distant fields where I left her behind.

Then cheer up my soul ; Oh, enraptured rejoice :
For the day is approaching, with store of delight,
When my consort will charm with the sound of her voice,
The lord of her bosom restored to her sight.

Oh, what is this world ? Nature, what are thy charms ?
Or what are the transient allurements of pleasure,
While secluded from joy, from ELIZA'S dear arms,
All the wealth of my being, the life of my treasure ?

They are nothing, but swift-fleeting phantoms, that fly,
Like the shade of a cloud, by the passing breeze borne,
O'er the wide semi-circle of summer's blue sky :
Or the mists brushing light o'er the cheeks of the morn.

AUGUSTUS.

Belfast, January, 1813.

SENSIBILITY.

Longa mora est, quantum noxa sit ubique repertum,

Enumerate.—

OVID.

TO show the innum'rous evils which perplex
Th' ingenious mind in the mid-walks of life,
Too low for flatt'ry, and from envy free ;
To impaint the dark, and dismal shades, which fate
T' obscure life's picture in the piece has cast ;
To point the mirror to the feeling mind,
Wherein its lineaments are all portray'd :
Be this my present task, my willing theme.

The mind attemper'd by the chast'ning hand
Of sympathy benign, laments the ills
Man's heart and actions ev'ry day present ;
Himself, a sorrowful participant,

Unable to remove th' o'erwhelming load
Which presses on his soul ; much less remove

The bitter cup which ev'ry mortal drinks,
By sin commingled : when no radiant hopes
Brighten the joyless gloom, the mind is pain'd,

When we partake a nature thus bestrew'd
With ills malignant, and then almost wish
That we had ne'er been born into a world,
Where mis'ry holds such constant war with man.

Reflections such as these o'ercloud his brow

With sober sadness. Now he flies to books,
But these perplex the more. Now seeks a friend,

Into whose kindred breast he may impart
The secret woes which his whole mind distract.

But oft this friend, by mere good-nature led,

By novelty attached, will strive to bear
His seeming inconsistencies ; and smile
At the infatuate, melancholic gloom,
Which gives a sombre shade to ev'ry act,
And ev'ry sentiment he may admit :
Soon his society he will neglect,
Account him only splenetic ; whilst he
Seeks out some poor pretext, that he may shun

A friend, whose feelings are too sad, too solemn,

Too exquisitely acute for him to share.
This adds another to his varied woes,
And gives a pang which time can only cure ;

For none of all the dismal tribe of ills
So pungent as affection thus despis'd.

Now the sweet converse of the softer sex

He tries, to buoy up his dejected heart,
And vainly fancies he is fix'd at last ;
If haply he may catch some witching smile,

Some vain, desultory, illusive smile !
Long practis'd at the glass, its pow'rs first tried,

Too surely tried on his susceptible heart !
He finds, alas ! he finds, " 'twas only meant

As harmless ! " no conquest worthy claiming,

Unless 'tis dignified by riches, spirit,
Wit, beauty, levity, smiles, and attractions,

Which he perhaps may want, or may condemn.
 Now hear the frequent sigh ; the gushing
 tear
 Distains his cheek, and hides the hectic
 glow,
 Or pallid hue, each reigning in its turn :
 Yet still his face appears serene, compar'd
 T' his mind, where dark and lurid passions,
 With frightful intonations still contend.

Now he essays to ease his troubl'd mind,
 In hoarding riches with a miser's gripe !
 He thinks those happy who in this pursuit,
 Outstrip all other cares ; but ah ! his
 heart
 Is far too noble ever to succeed !
 Shall he oppress the widow, wrong the
 orphan ?
 Or with rapacious hand, assume the fruit,
 Matur'd by the industry of another ?
 No, no ! he scorns the paltry subterfuge,
 And rather chooses to be poor, than
 plac'd
 In the most fav'rite niche on Fortune's
 wheel,
 Attain'd unjustly.—

Anon he casts about,
 To find some clue amid the pathless void,
 To lead him thro' the labyrinth of life,
 And tranquilize the tumults of his soul.
 Happy, thrice happy ! if some friendly
 hand
 Points to the paths of peace. Religion
 shines,
 Benignly charming, o'er the turbid waves,
 And stills th' impetuous fury of the storm,
 Educing joy, and happiness, and peace,
 Extatic bliss in prospect, and possession ;
 A smiling conscience, and approving heav'n.

S.

Ballymena,

ON LOVE OF COUNTRY ;

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BIRMINGHAM.*

TO the fond youth, whom fortune's hand
 severe
 Had lur'd from home for many a painful
 year,

*For an account of Mr. Birmingham,
 see Belfast Magazine, February, 1812.

What joy to mark the tempest's fainter
 roar,
 Eye the hush'd wave, and hail the meet-
 ing shore !

Here, in fond strife, a parent and a bride,
 Dear tender names ! his clasping hand di-
 vide,
 That hand no more to wing the fateful
 dart ;
 Love all it's warfare now, it's spoil the
 heart.

Here brighter suns descend upon the vale,
 Spring ev'ry season, Zephyr ev'ry gale ;
 Fancy improves the music of the wood,
 And stains with gayer spots the finny
 brood.

Blest Partiality ! ere life began,
 Heav'n blended sure the Patriot with the
 Man.
 Love breathes a secret charm on kindred
 things,
 Pours fragrance on the meads, and nectar
 on the springs.

This, where vulcanoes flame, or thunders
 brood,
 Where Neptune binds in ice the rigid flood,
 Treads the fix'd wave, th'instable furrows
 sows,
 And basks delighted in eternal snows.

Away, fond exile, search the burning zone,
 Or realms of night, for riches best un-
 known !
 Though lust impel thy guilty sail to roam,
 The heart magnetic points for ever home.

The wily Greek, to pleasure's soft abode
 His rock preferr'd, nor deign'd to be a god :
 For this despis'd Phœacia's happy mould,
 Her fruits perennial, and her branching
 gold.

Place the rough Swede in Baia's region
 pure,
 'Midst gales of balms, and streams of pre-
 cious cure ;
 Gay, joyless scenes ! his absent frost he
 sighs,
 And pines a wretch beneath Hesperian
 skies.

No wand'rer he, whose roof humane re-
 ceives
 The swain benighted, or distress'd relieves ;
 Where the tir'd swallow first unbonds the
 wing,
 Builds the safe nest, and bids a genial spring.